A FAMILIAR EPISTLE

TO THE

AUTHOR

OF THE

HEROIC EPISTLE

TO

Sir WILLIAM CHAMBERS,

AND OF THE

HEROIC POSTSCRIPT

TO THE PUBLIC.

" *Nunc ſatis eſt dixiſſe, ego mira poemata pango:*
" *Occupet extremum ſcabies: mihi turpe relinqui eſt.*" ARS POET.

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MDCCLXXIV.

PREFACE.

IT hath been very entertaining to the writer of theſe idle lines to have heard them commented on with great accuracy of Criticiſm; and as little quarter given to the Poet as he hath appeared to ſhew to *Sancho*:—it will, doubtleſs, be ſaid that he ſhould expect no more:—however, he will take the liberty to point out to theſe profound Judges the line by which they ſhould judge of their ſeveral demerits.—The firſt (The HEROIC POSTSCRIPT) is a performance confined to no particular ſubject: the author had, by a former Poem, eſtabliſhed—as he himſelf modeſtly expreſſes it—"A Fame as fix'd as fate," and his preſent one was announced as ſuperior even to that ("—paullo majora canamus"—) treating us at the ſame time with a ſpecimen of the *grave* and majeſtic air which he intended to aſſume in his next.—As for theſe trifling comments on that performance the author can only ſay, that there is no one Reader of them who ſhall not be perfectly welcome to alter every line and expreſſion in them, or expunge till the Poem become a non-entity:—provided only that, admitting the obvious defects of the other, he will ſit down and point out thoſe defects with truly elegant lan-

language, and in truly good verſes.—When he ſhall have done this—the vanquiſhed Scribler of the *Familiar Epiſtle* ſhall own him poſſeſſed of a degree of critical Aſſiduity and patient Dulneſs, which ſhall command his higheſt veneration, without one particle of Envy.

Thoſe who are real judges, having, no doubt, at a glance diſcovered what true ground for ridicule there is in *Sancho*'s laſt performance, will immediately perceive that this Stricture on it, is entirely addreſſed to the Level of their underſtandings who look upon that Bard as a Genius of the firſt rate:—not ſcrupling to charge their memories with his ſmooth couplets with as much care and repetition as they would beſtow on a bon mot of their own, or a Rondeau of Signor *Mellico*.

ERRATA.

Page 5, Line 73, *for* manly, *read* meanly.
—— 26, Note, *for* to be earneſt, *read* to be in earneſt.

A

FAMILIAR EPISTLE, &c.

OF all the ways a man can chooſe
To introduce a youthful muſe,
There is not one ſo ſure to raiſe
A ſudden burſt of public praiſe,
As feigning well a *Patriot*'s call,
To dip the pen in party gall.
—A field ſo very fruitful this,
Dulneſs itſelf can't write amiſs.

Firſt they who ſeek ſatiric fame,
Muſt ever mark the nobleſt game:

Here, if they feel they've no pretence
To urge their prey with ſolid ſenſe,
They'll find a ſhelter in the cool
Sarcaſtic ſmile of Ridicule:
For while a Bard ſeems half in joke,
A deal of nonſenſe may be ſpoke;
Nor will the Critics heed a trip,
Where Irony exerts the whip;
And now and then a ſerious daſh
Will ſhew like knots upon the laſh.

But chiefly mind, whoe'er thou art,
Who boaſt the Patriot Cenſor's part,
With unremitting hand to ſtrike
The ſlaviſh party all alike:
No *private* virtues ſhould abate
The rigour of thy free-born hate;
While every *private* vice may ſhow
How well the wretch deſerves the blow.
All petty rogues, to prove your ſtrength, —
You may attack with names at length;
But when you mean to maul your betters,
Chooſe Daſhes, —— — — and Initial Letters.

Thus

* Thus when of Scottiſh *Home* you ſpeak,
You name him plump, without a break;
But a more cautious ſtyle aſſume
† When you attack great D**d H*e:
‡ Thus ſlurring on poor *Mallet*'s fame,
Firſt boldly change, then write the name;
‖ But when your ſatire C*s would vex,
Beſt note him with an *F* and *X*.
—We treat the firſt, as cooks are thought
To dreſs ſmall grigs, entire as caught;
But as large eels firſt loſe their bowels,
We gut our great names of their vowels;
Then, roaſted well on Satire's bars,
We ſerve them up with forc'd-meat ſtars.

A Poem with ſuch helps as theſe,
While it is new, will always pleaſe;

NOTES.

* 'The mighty *Home* bemir'd in proſe ſo long.' Her. Epiſt.

† 'Let D**d H*e from the remoteſt North'— Ib.

‡ 'Bids *Mallock* quit,' &c. Ib.

‖ '————They circumciſe C*s F*x.' Ib.

The ſide that does not feel its malice,
Will gladly quote its lively ſallies:
And if, thro' envy's current paſſion,
It chance to gain the ſtamp of faſhion,
All ranks ſhall own 'tis ſhrewdly writ,
And ev'ry line ſhall paſs for wit.
—All ranks ſhall own — except the few
Who give to reaſon, reaſon's due;
* Who are not ſlaves to Paſſion's reign,
But in the volume of the brain,
Reſerve to Taſte one candid page
Immaculate from party rage.
—They know what ſprings ſupply the verſe
Whoſe only aim is to aſperſe:
How little wit, how little ſenſe,
Will furniſh weapons for offence.
They know how much true genius ſcorns
To gain from Fear a crown of thorns:

N O T E S.

* —— "Give me the man
"That is not Paſſion's ſlave." Hamlet.

"Within the book and volume of my brain." —— Ib.

They

They know how rare the lib'ral muſe
Will ſtoop to perſonal abuſe,
Or make the ſcandal of a day
The burthen of the factious lay.
She hates to build a ſingle verſe on
Contingences of things or perſon;
Or manly catch a partial grace
From accident of time or place.
—Her province is on Fancy's pinion,
To range thro' Nature's wide dominion;
To draw her *beauties* forth to view,
And add a luſtre to their hue:
To catch the pencil from her hand,
Pauſing where Fate hath bade her ſtand,
And, with a bold, creative line,
Deſerve the title of *divine*.
——For the firſt Muſe was Nature's child,
And to a mother's weakneſs mild,
With filial awe ſhe did o'erlook
Each trifling error of her book,
Tranſcrib'd her works with partial lays,
Concealing, where ſhe could not praiſe.

ENOUGH of Prologue!—For 'tis time
To check our vague, digreſſing rhyme,
Nor ſcribling on, as thoughts increaſe,
Neglect the Hero of our *Piece*.

To thee, whatever name you chooſe,
* Great bantling of a nurſing muſe!
Whoſe dubious rhymes by turns compel us
† To call thee *Sancho* and *Marcellus*;
To thee I turn, and mean to try
The terror of thy eagle's eye.

If, in the ſearch, thy muſe ſhall prove
A daughter of the thund'ring Jove,
Fit to direct the fire of youth,
‡ And wield the ſtubborn bolts of truth;

N O T E S.

* "The muſe ſhall *nurſe him up* to man's eſtate." Her. Poſt.

† "I that of late Sir William's Bard, and Squire!—
"Your young *Marcellus*."— Ib.

‡ "—— With Truth's dread bolt."— Ib.

If

If ſuch ſhe prove—thou ſurely wilt,
—Confirm'd on thy heroic ſtilt,
* Deſerve both *Almon*'s glitt'ring pelf,
And all the praiſe — thou'ſt giv'n thyſelf.
† But, when ſhe ſhould endure the teſt,
If, like a jade, ſhe fall her creſt;
Appear no pow'r of ſacred birth,
But cloud-begot 'tween heav'n and earth,
—If this appear, do thou diſown
Her ſway, and quit thy vengeful throne.

In humble ſtyle, with notes annext,
Proceed we now to treat our text.—

To ſhew we mean no hard attack,
We wave our licence to look back:

N O T E S.

* " —— Almon gave me reaſon for my rhyme;
" ——glittering orbs." Her. Poſt.

† " —— Hollow men, like horſes, hot at hand,
" Make gallant ſhew and promiſe of their mettle;
" But when they ſhould endure the bloody ſpur,
" They fall their creſt." Jul. Cæſar.

Your firſt-got laurels ſhall eſcape
The terrors of a critic rape;
And let your POSTSCRIPT only be
The touch-ſtone of your currency.

O *Sancho*, you may well regret
* The time when Juſtice had not ſet
Her cruel balance, thus to check
The hope of knaves to riſque their neck;
When things obtain'd a worth ideal,
† And *ſeemings* paſs'd for what was *real*.—
Your verſes then—ſmooth, clipt and trite,
‡ Falſe-dated,—gilt, yet ſtill too light,
Cry'd-up by thoſe you meant to pleaſe,
‖ Might paſs on crowds with current eaſe:
But place them where no ſpleen prevails,
Hung on the beam of Candour's ſcales,

NOTES.

* "No ſenate had convey'd, &c." Her. Poſt.

† "Good *ſeemings* then were good *realities*." Ib.

‡ "This Poem was written laſt ſummer, &c." Pref. to Her. Epiſt.

‖ "Or were they not, they paſs'd with current eaſe,— Her. Poſt.

In one, your Poem be the freight,
And let its purchaſe be the weight:
—I fear, in ſpite of all your vaunting,
There will be found a ſhilling wanting.

* The mob aſſumes ſuch impious ſway,
All weigh their Monarch, now, you ſay:
—Here, Sancho, you miſ-ſtate the thing:
—'Tis true they weigh their pictur'd King;
Yet, maugre all your trope's confuſion,
I draw a different concluſion:
As copies muſt for ever fall
Beneath a good original,
If we, without a wiſh to flatter,
Poſſeſs th' idea of the latter,
Then place an image in the ſcale,
No wonder that we find it fail.
Nor ought you to arraign the art
Of thoſe who play *Cadogan*'s part;—

NOTES.

* "Now, thro' the land, that impious pow'r prevails, &c."
"All weigh, &c." Her. Poſt.

Your aim is one — their rebel tool
You join with ſhears of ridicule;
And, tho' you work with blunter nippers,
We all confeſs you firſt of clippers.
What pity, then — ſince one your aim —
We cannot ſay your *end*'s the ſame!
The royal Perſon this may ſtripe,
While t'other's hang'd, who hurts his type!
This gets the bays, and that a cord —
— O Juſtice, ſend the ſame reward!
* *Fannius*, you add, with frowning eye,
Call'd thy Heroics blaſphemy: —
Believe me, Sancho, that in this
The old youth judg'd not much amiſs:
For, — † ſtill our figure to purſue —
Upon moſt glitt'ring orbs we view,
Beſide the monarch of the hour,
An emblem of a greater power;

N O T E S.

* "Like old young Fannius call it blaſphemy." Her. Poſt.

† The alluſion by which Satiriſts of one kind are ranked as Clippers.

And

And he who proves ſo loſt of grace,
The royal image to deface,
Would never check his ranc'rous pride
To ſpare the croſs on t'other ſide.

But now, behold, our Hero own,
* That all *his* glitt'ring orbs are gone: —
—All, *Sancho!* No — if we may gueſs,
By baſhful hints, what you poſſeſs,
There ſtill remains — which few ſurpaſs —
One glitt'ring orb of — *modeſt braſs.*
— † But why this interjection here?
For orbs defunct that pious fear!
Their *manes,* Sancho, cannot feel
A Scotchman's unrelenting ſteel:
There may be found ſome 'prentic'd ninny
Deprav'd enough to ſweat a guinea,

NOTES.

* "Sad to ſay! my glittering orbs are gone." Her. Poſt.

† "Peace to their *manes!* may they never feel
"Some keen Scotch banker's unrelenting ſteel!" Ib.

But what advantage can he boaſt
Who graſps his ſteel to rob its *ghoſt*?

Obſerve! — was ever Bard ſo fickle? —
* He leaves his ſcales, and takes a ſickle.
Like pictur'd *Time*, with ſcythe in hand,
Behold him take his fatal ſtand;
Then, with a mower's practis'd ſwing,
He'll cut down fools, where'er they ſpring;
Collect them in poetic ſheaf,
— O pretty phraſe for quarto leaf! —
And fairly ſtack the full-ear'd crop,
— Good Heav'ns, how quaint! — in *Almon*'s ſhop.
(Thus *Phœbus*, in *Admetus*' walks,
Would reap the corn, and bind the ſtalks.)
Who would not think, from ſuch a boaſt,
Our Bard would ſtoutly keep his poſt?
Would ſtrain each nerve with vigour double,
'Till Dunces field lay all in ſtubble.

N O T E S.

* " While I again the muſe's fickle bring,
" To cut down Dunces, whereſoe'er they ſpring.
" Bind in poetic ſheaves, &c. &c." Her. Poſt.

How

How wond'rous, then, to ſee him quit,
Without a ſtroke, this ſcythe of wit!
Deſert his critic muſe's cauſe,
* To feed his pride with ſelf-applauſe!
And, while he quaffs that precious ſlop,
Forget at once the promis'd crop!
— Thus Shenken Floyd or Patrick Bourke,
— Two lazy dogs — will quit their work,
Upon the broken gate to baſk,
When Dolly brings the noon-day caſk;
There cram and ſwill 'till mem'ry fail,
And all they reap, is cheeſe and ale.

† But O, ye knaves, whom *Sancho* hates,
'Tis now the criſis of your fates!
And O, ye fools, how he will plague you;
Each line ſhall work you like an ague:
While moaning, groaning, pale, and trembling,
Ye both ſhall own them too reſembling:

N O T E S.

* Sancho, after complimenting the wonderful powers of his muſe, refers us to the Reviewers, and prettily quotes the praiſes he affects to deſpiſe. It is to be obſerved, that, whenever he ſpeaks of himſelf, he does not intend the leaſt irony.

† "Tremble ye fools I ſcorn, ye knaves I hate." Her. Poſt.

Nor

Nor will your fits e'er know *remiſſion*;
— Such is his muſe's expedition! —
* One wond'rous letter comes in ſpring!
Twelve toiling moons a *Poſtſcript* bring!
An hundred lines the laſt contains —
† The *plenteous* harveſt of his brains! —
And if he writes as heretofore,
Next ſpring may yield — an hundred more!
Sure, honeſt Sancho, here you chooſe
A wrong alluſion for your muſe.
‡ Her *eagle* wings! — pray what diſaſter
Has kept the drab from flying faſter?
Alas! I fear, were matters known,
And were the bird to have her own,
Theſe wings ſome more ignoble fowl
Would claim; — what think you of an Owl?

NOTES.

* " ——————————— O ego lævus
" Qui purgor bilem ſub verni temporis horam." *Sanch.*

† " ——————————— the *plenteous* crop,"
We muſt acknowledge, contains *ten* lines more than is here mentioned.

‡ " I know the vigour of thy *eagle* wings." Her. Poſt.

Yet

* Yet hold — the Lady's fame is fixt! —
O Vanity, with Folly mixt!
And *can* you hold a ſerious thought,
That with ſuch trifles you have bought
One ſprig of laurel, that ſhall bloom,
Inſtead of bramble, on thy tomb?
Believe me, Bard, as gen'rous Fate
Has fixt mortality on hate,
The Verſe, tho' grac'd with Faſhion's prize,
On Party built, with Party dies:
Thus your unfiniſh'd, feeble rhymes,
† Form'd, as you own, to catch the times,
‡ If foſter'd by the tranſient rays
Of Faſhion, and of public Praiſe,
Like inſects in an early ſpring,
Shall juſt have life to buz and ſting;
Then proving their ignoble birth,
By dirty channels paſs to earth.

NOTES.

* " For now, my muſe, thy fame is fixt as fate." Her. Poſt.
I muſt repeat it, there is no Irony in this :—It is the ſober effuſion of Vanity.

† " ——Let the flow of theſe ſpontaneous rhymes,
" So truly touch the temper of the times." Ib.

‡ " Warm'd with the ſun-ſhine of the public praiſe." Ib.

Not all the truths by *Horace* writ,
(And his EPISTLES all had wit,
And what might beſt deſerve the throne,
The wit they had was all *his own*)
So firm had rank'd the well-known name,
Firſt in the page of claſſic fame,
As the moſt trifling Ode that fell
* Impaſſion'd from his ſprightly ſhell:
Thoſe ſtrains he caught as Phœbus ſent 'em,
† Then cried, — "exegi monumentum!"
I wave to mention *Virgil*'s ſong, —
But while our hearts to love belong,
Each youth ſhall ſtudy to inſpire
That love from *Ovid*'s poliſh'd lyre;
Nor ſeldom, with the ſame deſign,
Hang o'er *Tibullus*' kindred line:

NOTES.

* "O decus Phœbi, et dapibus ſupremi
"Grata teſtudo Jovis."—— Horat. Od.

† "Exegi monumentum ære perennius,
"Regalique ſitu Pyramidum altius."— Lib. iii. Od. xxx.

Horace had written ſomewhat more than an hundred and forty lines, when he pronounced *his* "muſe's fame *as fixt as Fate.*"

While *Juvenal*, and haughty *Perſeus*,
* With keen *Lucilius* for the *tertius*;
Mere taſks for boys, or ſchools for knaves,
Were better voted to their graves.—
So ſhall the chaſte and moral lay
Of mildly melancholy *Grey*; —
So ſhall the ſimpleſt ſhepherd's tale
Which *Shenſtone* told the *Leaſowes'* vale; —
So ſhall each note of am'rous woe,
Which gentle *Hammond* taught to flow,
As beſt might ſuit the Lover's part,
Whoſe muſe ſhould be — a feeling heart, —
All, hurtleſs all, their honours wear,
— The little claſſics of the fair —
Gracing Fame's page without a blot,
When *Churchill* ſhall be quite forgot.

And what can Sancho hope to gain,
† Tho' Freedom claim his *graver* ſtrain:

N O T E S.

* " ——— ſecuit Lucilius urbem,
" Te, Lupe, te, Muti, et genuinum fregit in illis." Perſ.

† " But if that Country claim a graver ſtrain." Her. Epiſt.

— With toil thou may'ſt become at moſt
A thing reſembling *Churchill*'s ghoſt:
While wags ſhall own, nor ſink thy merit,
They view his form, tho' not his ſpirit.
Then quit, at once, thy vain deſign,
And court the muſe's ſmoother line:
— Or, if the fiend of baneful Spite
Alone can teach thee how to write;
* If, for ſome crime, avenging Fate
Hath curs'd thee with a tide of hate,
Whoſe high ſpring flow, with noxious force,
Rolls to the moon's unſteady courſe,
(So near to Madneſs is the ire
Which Envy ſtrikes from Party fire!)
If ſuch thy doom, — yet raiſe thy plan:
— Stand forth the gen'ral rod of man;
Give no diſtinction to thy ſcourge;
Thy ſatire's bolts impartial urge;
No more at private failures hurl'd,
But 'gainſt the vices of a world.

N O T E S.

* " Nec ſatis apparet, cur verſus factitet: utrùm
" Minxerit in patrios cineres, aut triſte bidental
" Moverit inceſtus: — certè *furit*. Hor. Ars. Poet.

But

But hold: — I'm catching *Sancho*'s ſtyle;
Half light, half grave; half frown, half ſmile:
Theſe vile digreſſions always force
One from the line of one's diſcourſe:
Come then, my muſe, let's turn about
To comment, as we firſt ſet out.

" Say firſt, for neither land, or ſea,
" Or docks, hide any thing from thee,
" Say, firſt *, what cauſe mov'd the grand Lord
" Of ſlumb'ring *England*'s naval board,
" Favour'd of Peace ſo long, to quit
" That ſleepy ſtate? Whoſe prudent wit
" Firſt wiſh'd that flag unfurl'd
" Which bears the lordſhip of the world?
" Who firſt ſeduc'd our curious iſle?
" — SANCHO — He 'twas whoſe baneful *guile*,
" With *malice* and *revenge* inflam'd,
" His K—g an *Aſiatic* nam'd:

NOTES.

* " A certain naval event happened juſt about two calendar months after the " publication of the HEROIC EPISTLE. It was impoſſible, conſidering the neceſſary " preparations, it could have been ſooner. Facts are ſtubborn things."
Note to Her. Poſt.

" What time his *pride*, with foul disgrace,
" Had cast him out from post and place;
" With all his host of printer's devils,
" Who durst conduct his factious evils,
" Had cast him out — encreas'd perdition!—
" To dwell in endless *opposition*:
" While penal laws, and Tyburn-tree,
" Curb'd half his schemes of LIBERTY *."

— Know then, ye loyal num'rous bands,
Who lately glow'd on *Portsmouth*'s sands,
Proud to behold your navy ride,
The nation's safety and its pride;
Ye Captains, Boatswains, Tarrs, and all,
Chosen to man the floating wall;
Artificers, who, day and night,
Toil'd to prepare the princely fight;
† And ye, bright judges of our arms,
Daughters of Beauty, whose speaking charms

NOTES.

* " ——— Milt."

† With store of Ladies, whose bright eyes
Reign, influence, and judge the prize.— Milt. Alleg.

Bade

Bade you forſake the favour'd earth,
To view the place of *Venus'* birth;
(While ev'ry zephyr of the main
That wanton'd in your nymph-like train,
Demanded, with a ſigh of care,
Why *Amphitrite* * was not there)
Know all, — that this imperial ſhew,
(Peace to our ſight, fear to our foe)
With the proud Town's enlighten'd face,
— Ow'd to a *Couplet* all its grace:
One ſingle daſh of *Sancho's* pen,
Produc'd — the Monarch — ſhips — and men!
Wond'rous! — great England's naval line
Call'd forth, dread Bard, by one of thine!
S—d—h, and all the Navy-board,
Muſt own the Poet for their Lord;
† Whoſe ſong, reſiſtleſs, wields the State
At will; — whoſe ev'ry verſe is Fate!

N O T E S.

* "Hanc ſequitur, *Regi Conjux maris, Amphitrite*
"Caſta, decens, *prolemque* udis *complexa* lacertis." Aurel. Gall.

† "Thoſe Ancients, whoſe reſiſtleſs eloquence,
"Wielded at will that fierce Democracy." Milt.

— 'Twas well his POSTSCRIPT did not name
The luſtre of *militia* fame!
Or, in *two months*, with dire alarms,
All *Middleſex* had been in arms!
Or, had his muſe condemn'd the State
Defenceleſs of a Sov'reign's gate,
We'd ſurely ſeen a plan, next hour,
To arm St. *James*'s like the Tower!
While T—ſ—d, inſtant call'd to Court,
To make the outward porch a fort,
With mortar, cannon, bomb, and ſhell,
Had fix'd his *ordnance* in Pall-mall!
Thence G—ſ—l, with a choſen band,
Well ſkill'd in * *caſtles* to command,
O'er the *Horſe-guards* he might prefer,
To awe the Duns of *Weſtminſter*;
There might he reign, the Prince of *Bilks*,
And, 'ſtead of bailiffs, ſhoot at W—s.
If ſuch the pow'r of *Sancho*'s pen,
— Like magic o'er the minds of men! —

NOTES.

* *Caſtle* — A word of very extenſive import. Vid. D—nn—g's Notes, Artic. *Two Pair of Stairs Room.*

Heav'n grant th' enchantment of his rhyme
May not extend to *brick* and *lime!*
Or, ſhould he quarrel with our towns,
Our *houſes*, next, may grace the Downs!
— What ſport to him, to ſet in motion
Squares — ſtreets — and alleys, on the ocean!
While doors — floors — wainſcot — pane and pannel —
Strange wreck! — come floating down the Channel.

Hold, Ridicule! — and hear our Squire
Excuſe the errors of his lyre! —
— * He writes — with a *ſpontaneous flow*,
— A neat *currente calamo* —
† He writes — "that he who runs may read:" —
What pity! ſhould he not ſucceed!
Yet failing, let him not be vex'd,
But print — on *gingerbread*, his next:
So may — (without a moment loſt)
His little friends, with little coſt,

N O T E S.

* "Let the *flow* of theſe ſpontaneous rhymes." — Her. Poſt.
† "— That he who runs may read." Ib.

Buy his *hot ſatires* by the ounce,
And run, and read, — and eat at once!
— Thus boys for ſchool, with book in budget,
Will chew their letters as they trudge it *.

At

NOTES.

* I know not whether it will be worth while to mark, ſeriouſly, any faults, in a Poem, where *careleſſneſs* and *expedition* will be urged as a full excuſe; however, as the Poet has, juſt before the laſt-quoted paſſage, made a point with his muſe, that ſhe ſhould keep him within "the bounds of *Senſe* and Verſe," I ſhall take the liberty of ſhewing to him, in Proſe, a few places where ſhe has been very remiſs. A little way back, where our Bard ſays, "My *muſe*, thy fame is fix'd as Fate," he continues his addreſs in the *ſecond* perſon, and concludes,

"That ſolemn vein of irony ſo fine,
"Which e'en Reviewers own, adorns *thy* line,
"Would make him ſoon againſt his greatneſs ſin,
"Deſert his ſofa, mount his palanquin,
"And poſt where'er *the goddeſs* led the way," &c.

Now, I beg to know who *the goddeſs* is? The Poet will anſwer, like *Bays*, "Why the "*muſe*, to be ſure:"—then the ſentence, in fact, ſtands, — "O muſe, *thy* irony can "make a King poſt where'er *the goddeſs*, that is *the muſe*, that is *yourſelf*, led the "way." — If *you* lead to Spithead, *he* muſt follow *her*; that is *you!*——This may be keeping in the bounds of Verſe; but I am ſure it leaps each "Ha ha of Com-"mon Senſe."

Ver. 91. "———————— ye to whom I pay,
"Warm from the heart, *this* tributary lay:
"*That* lay ſhall live," &c.

Here is a ſtrange confuſion between *this* and *that:* if the Poet means to keep within the bounds of Grammar, he will make the *latter* give place to *which*.

Verſe

At length view *Sancho* come to tell us,
How He reſembles young *Marcellus:*
As ſuch He'll breathe eternal ſpring,
And, ſcoffing, ſay — " Death, where's thy ſting?"
* " *Marcellus* was not born to die:" —
O Grave, where is thy victory?

NOTES.

Verſe 93. " If hireling P * * rs, in proſtitution bold,
" Tell, &c." ——
" Or *They, who honour'd* by the people's choice,
" Againſt that people lift their rebel voice, &c."

As *They* is here the nominative caſe to *lift*, any ſchool-boy would tell the writer, that the line muſt run, either, " Or they, who *are* honour'd ;" or " — *they, honour'd* by, &c." Unfortunately, however, to make *Grammar* of this line, would be drawing it out of the bounds of *Verſe*.

It may be alledged, that, in trifles, (ſuch as the Heroic Poſtſcript) points of this nature are to be overlook'd : —— However, the direct reverſe happens to be the better rule; for, in trifles of this nature, (where there are no *very* violent flights of Imagination to draw one's attention from the inferior articles of Senſe and Grammar, and where the work is not *quite* of ſufficient length to make it " *fas obrepere ſomnum*" correctneſs and perſpicuity, are points never to be diſpenſed with; much leſs, where the performance itſelf aims at being critical, and cenſorious.

* " Your young Marcellus was *not born to die.*" Her. Poſt.

Though *Sancho* modeſtly excepts himſelf from the Plebeian ceremony of *dying*; yet I fear his date will rather be that of the *Julium Sidus*, than ſuch as ſhall make us ſay,

" Creſcit occulto, velut arbor ævo,
" Fama *Marcelli!*"

Here, then, He yields the drooping nation
The comfort of his peroration:
* For now, that He has prov'd his force,
He means to chooſe a bolder courſe;
There ſtand prepar'd, ſhould danger real †
Supplant our preſent woes ideal.
Be careful then, ye noble Peers,
‡ Or *Sancho*'s muſe ſhall *pierce your ears*:
Sell on your votes to thoſe who need 'em,
And ſet at auction muſty Freedom;
‖ But in the latter be more nice,
And bargain for a *double* price:

NOTES.

* "'Tis but to try his ſtrength that now he ſports."—— Her. Poſt.

† "If *real* danger threat fair Freedom's reign." Ib.

‡ "I know thy ſtrains can *pierce the ear*." Ib.

‖ "If hireling P-**rs, in proſtitution bold,
"Sell her *as cheaply* as themſelves they ſold." Ib.

Though Sancho appears here to be earneſt, yet his intention is, ſlily to ridicule the ſyſtem of ſome modern patriots, whoſe indignation is generally raiſed, not ſo much at ſeeing Liberty bartered, as at its being foreſtalled at an *under* price: thus the only commodity they deal in often hangs on their hands, or they are obliged to part with it, as Sancho feelingly expreſſes it, for a "*paltry* pay."

And,

And, O ye votaries of St. *Stewen*,
Preſerve the ſcales of Juſtice even;
* For, ſhould ye ſell each freehold cottage,
Like *Eſau*, for a meſs of pottage,
With ways and means the people rob,
In bold *rebellion* 'gainſt the *mob*, —
Our Bard ſhall keep your ſpirits under
† And bruiſe you with a ſong of thunder:
Exalted on a throne of braſs,
The bold *Salmoneus* he'll ſurpaſs. —
‡ Heavens bleſs us! Lord defend us
From a Poet ſo tremendous!

Lo! what a ſudden change of ſtyle!
Black frowns diſmiſs the ſneering ſmile:

NOTES.

* " —— Vote the beſt *birthright* of her ſons away." — Her. Poſt.

† " ——— —— the thunder of his ſong." — Ib.

‡ " Veſanum tetigiſſe timent, fugiuntque poetam
" Qui ſapiunt." Hor.

To point out where Sancho ſtole the bold and uncommon expreſſions with which he graces this concluding example of his *graver* ſtyle, would be referring the reader to ſo many of the Public Advertiſers, that the detection would not be worth the trouble.

Mark of *ſublime*, he gives example! —
Obſerve — and profit by the ſample:
See *, like a lion from his den,
He roars an eight-line ſpecimen!
O Fancy, draw the god-like figure! —
Coloſſus' ſize — or ſomewhat bigger!
Make both his hands the thunder brandiſh!
(For want of bolts — ſuppoſe the ſtandiſh)
And, while his gloomy wrath is bright'ning,
Ply him with ſpermaceti lightning. —
But, lo! a bolt of wond'rous thickneſs,
With words well pick'd, to ſhew it's quickneſs,
Comes down — *O miſerere mei!* —
Souſe in a line of *five ſpondæi!*

Heavens bleſs us! Lord defend us
From a Poet ſo tremendous! †

Fly,

NOTES.

* "——————————— velut urſus
"Objectos caveæ valuit ſi frangere clathros." Ars. Poet.

† "——————————— the thunder of his ſong
"Rolling in deep-ton'd energy along,
"Shall ſtrike, with Truth's dread bolt, each miſcreant's name." Her. Poſt.

Though

Fly, inſtant fly, ye faithleſs crew!
— Yes — ye may fly, but He'll purſue!
Until each culprit on his back
He binds to little pocket rack:
There long expos'd, ye all ſhall feel
The torture of his quarto wheel:
While all the dogs that paſs that way
Shall grin, and ſeize you for their prey;
Nay, paſture-beaſts ſhall quit their herbage,
And come to pick your guts and garbage!
Heavens bleſs us! Lord defend us
From a Poet ſo tremendous! *

NOTES.

Though the firſt ſyllables of the two firſt feet *may* be pronounced rather ſhorter, yet that will be abundantly made up by the pauſes, and the harſhneſs of the reſt of the line; which is altogether ſurpriſingly well calculated—as, no doubt, the Poet intended it ſhould be—to deſcribe the rapid motion of a thunder-bolt.

* "————————————*yes*, ye faithleſs crew,
"His muſe's vengeance ſhall your crimes purſue,
"Stretch you on Satire's rack, and bid you lie
"Fit *Garbage* for the hell-hound Infamy."

As the elegant term *Garbage* is ſeldom detached from its ſiſter-noun, I hope Sancho will not take ill my uniting them here.

O how

O how ſhall ſimilies aſpire
To ſuit this man of bolts and fire!
When ſtriding his immortal horſe
With ſcourge of flame He clears the courſe!
— O *Sancho*, let thy lucky name
Supply a hint to aid thy fame.
— Thus — when thy brother, little *Panza* *
(Thy peer in *ſteed*, tho' not in *ſtanza*)
Engag'd to paſs the regions upper,
Aſtride on *Clavilino*'s crupper,
Altho' his nag ne'er mov'd a joiſt, —
He thought he'd gain'd a wond'rous hoiſt;
And when the ſquibs began to whiz, —
— No fire on earth e'er equall'd his †!

Here let us pauſe: — we've ſaid enough,
If *Sancho* does not ſcorn rebuff:
Yet, e'er we quit the copious theſis,
— For ſtill before our eye his piece is —

N O T E S.

* As commonly written in tranſlations for *Pança*.

† Vid. Don. Quixote.

We'll juſt review — what ſtore to chooſe in!
The diff'rent ſhapes we've ſeen his muſe in.

Behold her firſt with pewter lyre,
Profeſs herſelf Sir William's Squire:
A *builder* next, in haſte ſhe marches,
* With *brick* and *lime* for *marble* arches!
Thence in a trice we view a *reaper!* —
No Teague would do a day's work cheaper:
— A *goddeſs* now, with wings like *eagle*'s,
And note as *piercing* as a beagle's!
Marcellus then — no *mortal* power;
Nor born "to be cut down like flower:"
A *wet-nurſe* next, with ſtore of pap
To feed the bantling on her lap:

NOTES.

* "The muſe ſhall deal awhile in *brick* and *lime*,
"Surpaſs the bold ΑΔΕΛΦΙ in deſign,
"And o'er the Thames fling one ſtupendous line —
"Of *marble* arches." —

Adelphi is graced with its proper type, to puzzle the Ladies, and diſplay *Sancho*'s knowledge of the Greek alphabet.

Laſt, in *Jack-Ketch*'s nobler part,
She quits the mean, too gentle cart,
Cloſe preſſing at the culprit's heels,
—With divers racks, and ſundry wheels!

O Sancho, when the ſuff'ring nation,
Shall rouſe your ſerious indignation;
When, burſting forth, your patriot heat
Shall bid you prove your final threat —
No more expect my humble car
Will chaſe your chariot thro' the war:
Alas! I fight not cap-a-pée
With figure, trope, and ſimile!
Your *Pegaſus*, ſo ſtrong and bony,
Would gallop over my poor poney!
He never eat of ſacred graſs,
Nor run for *fifties* on *Parnaſs*':
Nor water'd at *Caſtalian* ſprings,
Nor had the loan of eagle's wings:
Unſkill'd is he to turn and double
Thro' acres of *Pierian* ſtubble,
Where here and there a few Bay ſwitches,
Are guarded by a thouſand ditches.

My

My nag, unlike your high-fed prime hacks,
Would break his wind to mount your climax:
And, when in Satire's field you take him,
One line of pointed ſpleen would ſtake him:
Your ſteed diſdains a fetter'd chime; —
Mine boggles at an awkward rhyme;
Bad grammar always made him wait;
Falſe concord is a five-barr'd gate;
Each gap of ſenſe, where your's would ſhine,
Would ſeem a double-ditch to mine.
— Judge how imprudent then the chaſe,
'Tween beaſts of ſuch unequal race!
The one a common, jaded hack, —
The other — fit for Gods to back!

— *Ohe! jam ſat!* — what ſcribbling rage!
— I've writ a volume for a page!
— By Heav'ns I do my ſpirit wrong,
To grate this ſcrannel-pipe ſo long:
Hence! hence! — I hate it's peeviſh tone,
Tho' aim'd at *pride* and *ſpleen* alone:
And, if my rhyming vein ſtill need
A ſong, I'll touch ſome gentler reed —

A reed I ſomething know to touch; —
Whoſe mildly-plaintive notes are ſuch, —
They ſteal the ſting from youthful grief,
Breathe to a lover's ſoul relief,
Or ſuch reſign'd diſtreſs beſtow,
They make the ſuff'rer proud of woe.
— O noble trifling of the hour!
When 'ſcap'd from dread of Fortune's pow'r,
I loiter in ſome ſecret, rude,
Yet ſometimes broken ſolitude, —
While, with a heart not ſlow to prove
My theme's delight, — I ſing of love.
Not with bent brow, or raptur'd eye,
Or " thoughts commercing with the ſky,"
But mildly gay, with am'rous guile
Perſuading thought to wear a ſmile; —
Studious awhile, yet never long,
Nor rapt nor careleſs in my ſong;
Glancing at all that *Fancy* ſends,
And fixing where my *heart* commends. —
Such be my walk, if *Hope* inſpire
With mirthful notes to touch the lyre;

And when I've done the ſprightly taſk,
No wreath of Laurel do I aſk. —
Be there a ſmile upon the cheek
Of her, to whom my numbers ſpeak;
And, while ſhe ſmiles, — be mine the praiſe,
Without a bluſh, that ſmile to raiſe.
Or, if more ſad my numbers flow,
To tell ſome ſimple tale of woe,
While yet *ſhe* reads, one ſigh ſhall be
More precious far than fame to me;
And ending, let, uncheck'd, appear
The ſilent plaudit of a tear.

— O ye rude ſouls, who never gain
A joy, but from another's pain;
Ye baſe, unhallow'd ſons of Rhyme,
Who waſte in *Satire* all your time;
Who boaſt no pow'r, who own no fame,
But what from daſtard guilt ye claim, —
Ye little know to prize the bliſs
Of ſuch a dear reward as this;
Your hearts could ne'er the boon revere
Of ſuch a ſmile, of ſuch a tear.

FINIS.

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